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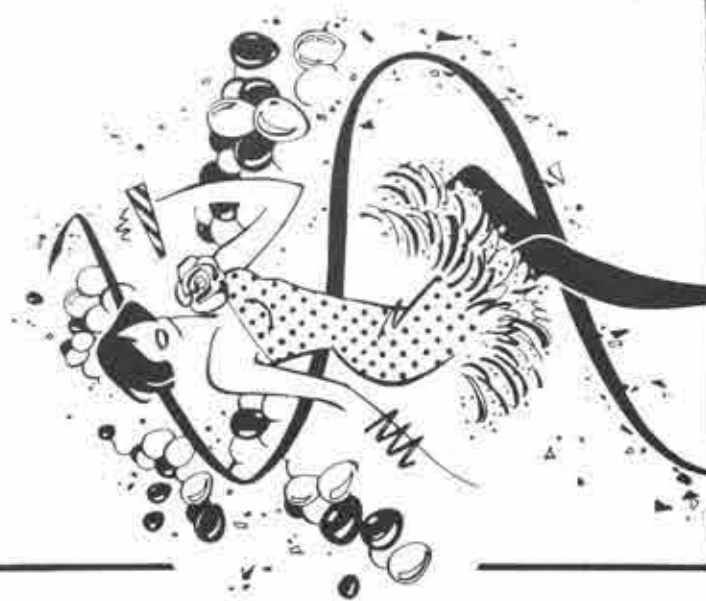
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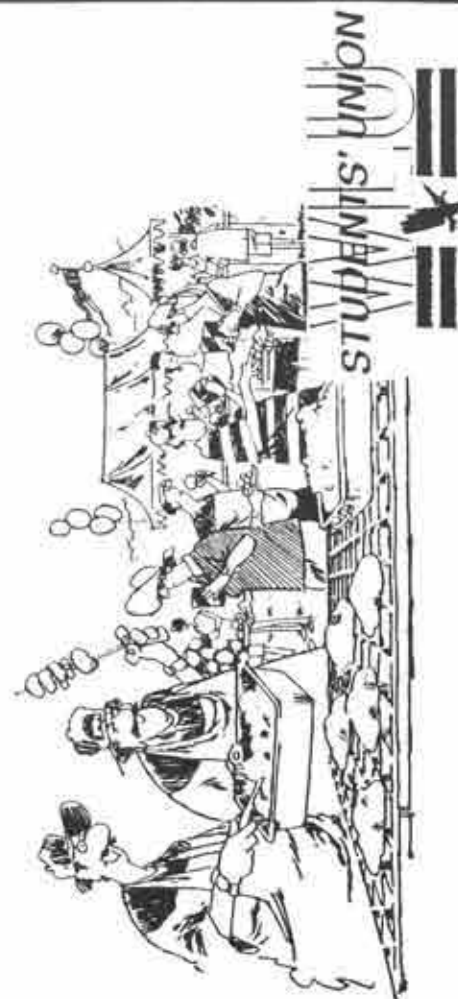


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STUDENTS' UNION

THE
CORDA Wilfrid Laurier University Student Publication
75 University Ave. West, Waterloo, Ont. N3L 2C5
Fax: (519) 886-9351JULY 18, 1991
VOLUME XXXII, ISSUE 2

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Eight month, 24 issue Cord subscription rates are: \$20.00 for addresses within Canada and \$25 outside the country, except for Belgium (excuse my language). Co-op students may subscribe at a rate of \$10 per four month work term.

The offices of The Cord are located on the second floor of the Nick Jimenez Egg Tossing Building in the hard hat zone we call Wilfrid Laurier University. The Cord is printed by the busy people at Economy Web Printing in St. Catharines, Ontario.

The Cord is published a mere twice during the wet, then dry, then wet, then dry summertime. The Cord is a member of the Ontario Community Newspaper Association, and is happily still on speaking terms with the Canadian University Press.

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There will now be a moment of silence as we remember the recently deceased Question of the Week....

Thank you.

Journey with no guide

If you could be anyone in the world, who would you be?

What a stupid question. It's also a very common one. It implies two very dangerous presumptions: one, that people are generally unhappy with who they are (dangerous because it might be true), and two, that there are people out there who we might actually look up to (dangerous because it might not be true).

Let's focus on the latter idea: it basically says that there are no role models for us. A depressing concept, but not nearly as depressing as the idea that people don't like themselves. Oddly enough, the two may be connected: if you have a role model to emulate, you see the positive characteristics of the model in yourself. That is good. Without one, it's all up to you.

So where are all our role models?

Parents these days are, for the most part, pretty horrible role models. The two people in each of our lives who should be looked up to, emulated, and cherished for the valuable lessons they teach us are rapidly becoming people to get the hell away from as soon as possible. (When's the last time you called home, not for money, but just to say hi?) It's hard to say why parents are so bad now, or even to know if they're any worse than they used to be and we're just more cognizant of their faults these days, but it's a pretty safe bet that most parents are poor role models. If yours aren't you're either very lucky, or very naive.

Politicians could be role models, if they weren't all such weenies. Look around. Is there a national leader you can honestly say that you admire? Whom you look up to? Bush? Mulroney? Gorbachev? How about recent history: Reagan, Trudeau, Thatcher? Not so recent history: Truman, Churchill, Stalin? How far back do we have to go to find a worthy role model in the world of politics? The John F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King were the closest thing we had, but they were gunned down before they could provide the role modelling that was especially needed in the sixties.

Oh yes, the sixties. The lost generation. Lots of great role modelling we had provided there: "young people, go to Viet Nam and fight the holy war of democracy" (while we stay home where it's safe, thank you very much). No wonder anyone over 35 couldn't be trusted, they were pathological (homicidal) liars. And the ones who were smart enough to dodge the draft came to Canada. Let's see, the bitter, disillusioned ones came to Canada. There must be something meaningful hidden there, but we can't see what it is. Maybe the brilliance of our nation today is blinding us too much.

At least the seventies had Nixon.

The fifties had McCarthy.

OK, so there are no political role models. What about popular culture? The Fonz, Bart Simpson, The Beatles, Elvis ("I'm gonna win this race"....is that a healthy competitive spirit, or just an egomaniacal domineering stance?). Bill Cosby could be a good role model, but he's such a dopey wimp in his show it could do more damage than good (if Franz Kafka wrote the *Metamorphosis* today, it could be about Cosby: the father who woke up one day and discovered he had turned into Disney's Goofy overnight).

Nope, nothing in popular culture.

How about in our lives as students. Our professors, at least, provide good role modelling. BWAH HA HA!

It might not be true right now, but a few months ago the most popular celebrity in America was Stormin' Norman, the courageous general who, astride his white horse, led the forces of righteousness to victory over those pagan Iraqis. Yippee. Thank goodness we had this war to redeem the American military machine after the lies of Viet Nam. (The careful reader will interpret that sarcasm as: "oh you stupid boneheads, the only difference is this time they got away with the lies.")

The only inspiration left, it seems, comes from fiction. Figures like King Arthur and Joan of Arc really existed, but in truth only the legend is left. The thing is, these people were the Stormin' Normans of the past, it's just that we ignore the reality of what they did and focus on the nobility of the myth: valiantly wiping the scum off the earth with the sword blade.

Does this mean that there were never any role models? That people never did have anyone to truly look up to, except out of ignorance and naivete?

Perhaps it might be time to start finding some -- or being some -- cause if we didn't need them before, we sure as sugar do now.

The opinions expressed are the views of the Cord's Editorial Board, and do not necessarily reflect those of the rest of the Cord staff, its publishers, or the university administration.

Letter:

Clearing out the cob-webs

Dear Editor,

This letter is an attempt to clarify the confusion that centered around the Building Elevator refunds issued earlier in June. I wanted to give everyone a little history on the nature of the fund and outline the specifics with respect to collecting the refund.

On December 1, 1983, the students of Laurier agreed to a voluntary levy of \$15, or \$7.50 per term per student for a period of six years, beginning in September, 1984. It was estimated that the student contribution would amount to a total of \$360,000 over the six year period. The nature of the referendum allowed for the condition that students who did wish to contribute could apply for a refund by no later than the fourth week of each term. The Development Fund money was to be contributed towards the "Excellence in the Eighties" fund raising campaign the university was currently involved in, and specifically to the construction of a cultural centre (which eventually became the Aird Building). In discussions with the then Students' Union president Tom Reaume and WLU president Dr. Weir, the idea was that upon completion of the cultural centre, MacDonald House could be reoccupied by students as a residence.

At Laurier, only full-time undergraduate students pay Students' Union fees and thus are the only students

WLUSU can officially purport to represent (although I would like to think that the needs and concerns of all students are important enough to warrant the efforts of elected student leaders). As such, full-time undergrads are the only students who paid into this fund, and thus are the only students who could apply for a refund.

In February of 1989, Laurier students (full-time undergrads) voted, through a referendum, to continue the collection of this voluntary fee, except under the guise of a different campaign, which was the construction of an elevator for the Student Union Building in order to make the facility accessible to the physically challenged (Building Elevator Fund). The conditions of the refund policy remained the same: students who do not wish to contribute to the fund can file for a refund through the Students' Union no later than the fourth week of the term in which the fee is assessed.

I hope I was able to shed some light on an issue which the Students' Union did not clearly outline to those students applying for a refund this past June. I apologize for any inconvenience and confusion that may have arisen, and I hope that in the future we can work a little harder to communicate more effectively our action and intentions.

Nick Jimenez
President, WLU Students' Union

The name is Sheffield, Fisher Sheffield

METROPOLIS

BY FISHER SHEFFIELD

In one of the James Bond books (I forget which one, it could be "From Russia With Love", but it's probably "Goldfinger") the story opens with Bond returning from a mission in Taiwan, and going into his yearly physical examination.

The prognosis is bad: Bond's in horrible condition: too many injuries, too much alcohol, too much nicotine, too much red meat, too much caffeine, too much sugar, too much hoofta in the bed. So Bond's commanding officer sends Bond away on "vacation", to a retreat in the Alps, to a clinic, really.

Here the doctors poke, and prod, and exercise, and massage Bond, and carefully monitor his diet to get him back to his old form. Through acupuncture, and organic medicines, and his daily regimen of calisthenics, his doctors seek to purify his body: after two weeks, Bond's eyes are bloodshot, his skin yellow, and his tongue furry, but this is only seen as evidence that the poisons are leaving his system, and that he is purging his body of all the abuses it has taken.

This summer, having taken a

cue from James Bond, I too am fixing my body. Sure, I still eat beef every day, and drink whiskey every night, and get sex, and put three tablespoons of sugar in my morning coffee, but I am working on channeling my destructive force.

You see, I suffer from a curse that has randomly afflicted the Sheffield family for generations: I

have dimka, the death touch.

That's right: wherever I show up, people die. Midas turned things into gold, but my touch is lethal. Animals prematurely age and die when I pet them, and I once killed my first girlfriend with a quick peck on the lips.

I've spent my entire life researching the death touch, trying to find a way to control the energies inside me that kill with a caress. It looked hopeless for years, but recently I've found a new lead.

To make a long story short, I will only gain control of my death touch when I have achieved complete control over my body. To this end, I must practice standing

completely still for days at a time.

I've got lots of free time on my hands this summer, so I'm going to give it a try. Next Tuesday morning I'm going to climb up on my roof and stand without moving so much as a muscle until Saturday night. If I can do this, I'll be closer to mastering my dimka.

For the rest of my life, I'm going to have to practice tai chi, and work at being fully conscious of every muscle in my body at all times, but the rewards will be worth it.

I'll no longer have to walk alone, operating at the fringes of society, afraid to fall in love, afraid that I'll kill those that I

care about.

[Editor's note: it was the Thunderball! Never Say Never Again stuff in the movies, but they gooped things up for the films, so who can say. No matter, Ian Fleming couldn't write to save his life anyway. I mean, he wrote his first novel on the eve of his wedding, so what can you do?]

Fisher Sheffield is the strange phantom who ties up the computer system all the time and sends odd memos to the editor. This METROPOLIS thing is his attempt to write something meaningful, so I'll just end this disclaimer here to avoid being too judgemental. Let's just say his opinions are his own, et cetera, et cetera....

Honk if you're a bitter little cynic

THE LUNATIC FRINGE

by Mark Hand

The other day -- last week actually -- my mother phoned me. I wasn't home. I know she phoned because my roommate he answered and took down a message for me. I got the message yesterday. I hate my roommate. But I don't like my mother too much either so I can't complain. Come to think of it I don't really like a lot of things. People mostly. I wrote a poem about that. Would you like to read it?

*In the Concourse of my university
The apparition of these faces in the crowd;
Fungus on an old, torn shroud.*

William Carlos Williams didn't write that, I did. He had a similar one which I admit I did sort of copy -- alright I blatantly ripped him off -- but his poem was a lot nicer than mine. That's OK because he was probably a lot nicer person than I am.

William Carlos Williams is dead now.

I can't complain.

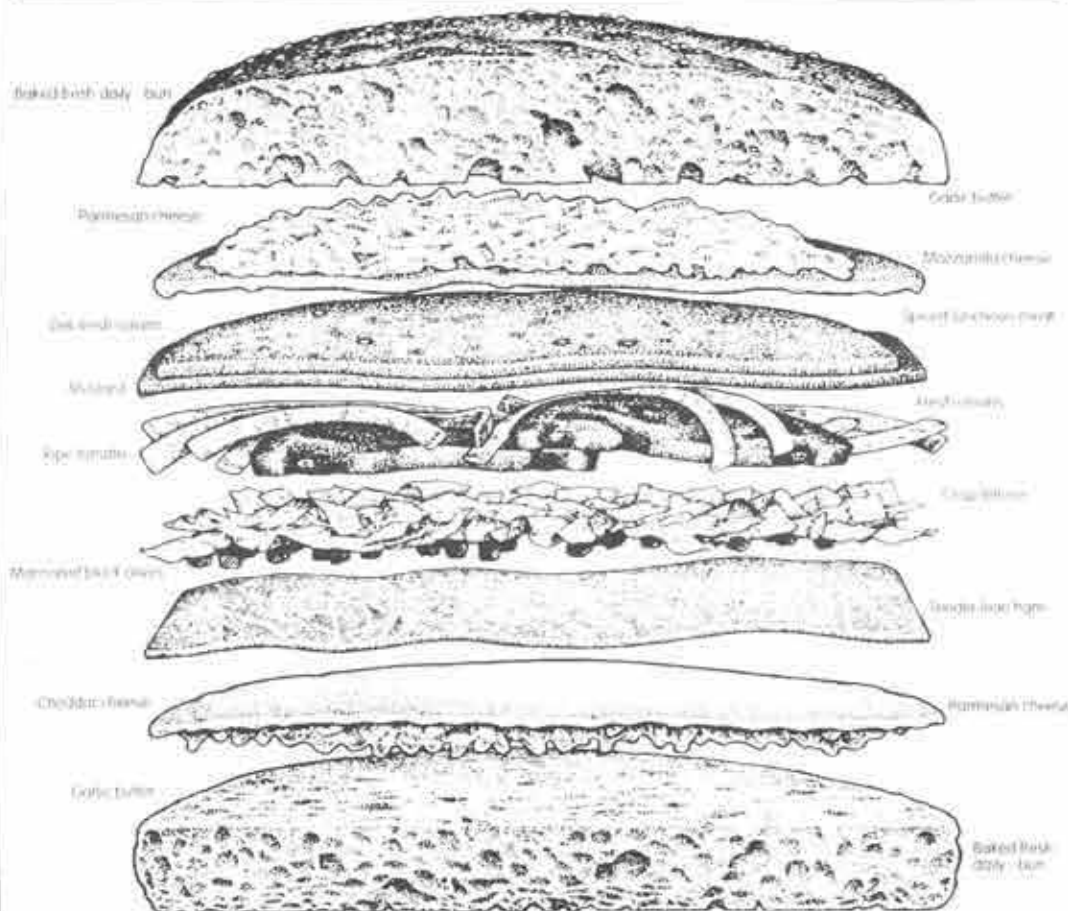
Speaking of those Imagist poems, I wrote another one. But it's bad, so I won't share it.

My roommate once asked me why I am such a "bitter little cynic". I told him it was the water. He didn't shower or brush his teeth for a while after that so I had to tell him that I was just being facetious and that it really wasn't the water that made me like I am.

It was the company.

The Lunatic Fringe is a collection of people who like to get together and talk about things, in particular writing. The purpose is to exchange ideas, criticism, and have an excuse to go to a bar yet one more night a week. Each issue we pick one work and print it in The Cord. You just read the latest submission. The current Fringing membership is one person, although there are two more who expressed an interest in joining, as long as they don't have to wear a goofy hat. For information on how to get involved, contact the Cord. Those weekly meetings are getting really lonely.

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The Cord News

NEWS EDITOR: still quite vacant

18 July 1991

ASSOCIATE NEWS EDITOR: M. van Bodegom

Sex Committee start stalled

Pat Brethour
The Cord

Laurier's sexual harassment committee has yet to be set up -- six months after the Board of Governors approved the administration's sexual harassment policy.

"The Policy requires that, in consultation with the Sexual Harassment Officer [Professor Rose Blackmore], I appoint a fourteen-person Sexual Harassment Committee whose membership shall be drawn from the various campus constituencies. It is my intention to appoint this Committee in the near future and I expect that the process outlined in the Policy will be up and running by May 1, 1991," wrote President John Weir in a memo, dated March 13.

The WLU Students' Union, the WLU Faculty Association, the WLU Staff Association, the Canadian Union of Public Employees, and the United Food and Commercial Workers Union are the five campus constituencies which make up the committee.

Despite the administration's stated deadline of May 1, none of the organizations have been contacted about which members they are to name to the committee.

"It's one thing to say you're going to do it, and another to put

it into place. He [Dr. Weir] hasn't even contacted the Students' Union yet," says Jeff Bowden, VP University Affairs for the WLU Students' Union.

"The last I heard was that it was approved. That's all I heard since," says Judy Deery, shop steward for the UFCW. "I'm not surprised by it. I find Wilfrid Laurier moves very slow."



The administration has yet to cut through some things: the promised Sexual Harassment Committee is still in limbo.

Donald Baker, VP Academic for Wilfrid Laurier, says, "I can't answer the question as to why they haven't been contacted. He [Dr. Weir] may be waiting for their recommendations. He's the chief administrative officer and is responsible for implementing policies. He does this in good faith."

The staff association submitted names of members who expressed interest in being on the committee in April, says Kathleen Woodcock, president of the staff association. "I've contacted Dr. Weir a couple of times, and he hadn't decided. I don't see any reason for the delay. I think it's time we got going."

Baker also says that he is not aware of any difficulties that would have delayed implementation of the sexual harassment policy, which the Board of Governors passed unanimously on February 12. Dr. Weir, on vacation until the end of July, was unavailable for comment.

"When Dr. Weir gets back, the Students' Union is writing a letter to him saying the situation is unacceptable," says Jeff Bowden. "I see it as low on their priority list."

Donald Baker counters, "We don't think these things are just words. They are a policy that guide our actions."

In lieu of the formal com-

mittee, any sexual harassment complaints must still go through the regular academic appeal process.

Laurier's sexual harassment policy has been in the works for about two years. The faculty and staff associations, and the Students' Union will provide four members each, with CUPE and UFCW providing one member each. The committee's chair -- elected by the committee members -- will convene panels to review formal complaints of sexual harassment.

Sexual harassment complaints can also be resolved informally, or by mediation, if the complainant so desires.

Censorship at WLU

Michael van Bodegom
The Cord

Poetry WLU -- Erratica, the poetry journal of the WLU Writers' Collective, has been censored this year. Approximately half a dozen poems accepted for publication by the ten-student editorial board, were pulled by Dr. Andrew Stubbs, the faculty advisor to the journal.

Stubbs says that censoring the work was part of his job as an advisor. He repeated adamantly that he did not want to act as a censor, but that the journal's constitution called for the advisor to act in this regard. He didn't "want to be a censor, [he] had to be."

Stubbs explained the basis for pulling the poems. He did not judge the poems against any aesthetic standard, but rather says that he made a "political judgement: in a general way, will the language be taken as offensive by the people who put up the money [to publish the journal]?"

The list of supporters includes the English Department, the Dean, the Bookstore, and a local department store. Stubbs felt that profanity would "possibly create a stir," to the point of causing funding problems in the future. Based on this Stubbs would not allow "shit" or "fuck" to appear in the journal.

Dr. Ed Jewinsky, who was instrumental in creating *Poetry WLU* twelve years ago and had acted as faculty advisor for the first decade of its life, was not directly involved in that status this year. He did claim, however, that "yes, I'm sure 'fuck' has appeared [in previous issues of the journal]." Jewinsky said that as an advisor he did not censor the students, but gave them advice: "if you wouldn't show it to your mother, ask yourself, 'does it really have artistic merit?'"

The poetry which was taken out, Stubbs explained, included profanity. One such poem, written by this year's editor, Julia Berfelz, was not allowed to be printed because it ended with the phrase "my best Sunday fuck." Stubbs said that he suggested Berfelz change the line, but as she neither changed it, nor approached him again to negotiate its inclusion, he thought the matter was over.

Stubbs reiterated, "Censorship was not an issue. If I had known that they felt it was this important, I would have mediated with the faculty." Because his

job as censor existed institutionally, this would have necessitated changing the journal's constitution.

A copy of the introduction written for the journal and already on the flats (the stiff pieces of cardboard on which the copy is pasted as the last step before being sent to the printers) was worded very strongly against the censorship. Written by one of the members of the editorial board, the following is a condensation of this introduction:

Here it is -- the abridged version of *Erratica*. Actually, the censored version.

A half-dozen poems submitted to the *Erratica* were deemed "offensive" because of sexual or violent content, or graphic language. The WLU English Department has decided to protect you from disturbing thoughts, issues and words.

...In fairness, they were afraid that controversial material would hurt the journal's funding.

We couldn't disagree more.

...For the *Erratica* (for this year) the secrets remain hidden.

When presented with the introduction, Stubbs answered, "I'm really offended by this." He then announced that he was resigning as advisor based on this introduction. "As of now, they have no faculty advisor." He hoped that this would allow the journal to be published without the introduction, which he felt lowered the quality of the journal as a whole by moving the focus away from the actual poetry.

Upon hearing of Stubbs' decision to resign, Berfelz said that it was "too bad", but noted that it was too late to add the poems to the journal as it was behind schedule already. She did say that she would allow the Cord to print her censored poem, but the next day had a change of heart. At this time, she also demanded to know -- with accusations of impropriety -- how the Cord had acquired the introduction. When it was explained that the copy had come directly from the member of the editorial board who had written it, she suggested that he had acted unethically.

Berfelz's only further comment at press time was that this introduction was no longer going to be printed.

However the "offensive" poetry is still not being printed, and apparently, now the condemning introduction is not being printed either.

PRISM people

Remember R-FEES? Through an acronym change, it's now PRISM. Providing Resources for Information Systems Management. If you're in the School of Business and Economics, it's still the same fifty dollars refundable fee come this September and every term thereafter.

The PRISM people -- located in P3117, if you want to talk with, meet or berate them -- are "students helping students".

With "real world" opinions on Laurier and technology wavering between "their only, if any, weakness," and "they wouldn't know a computer if they tripped over one," PRISM hopes to be the link between SBE students and computer technology.

Keith Ellis, Director of Marketing, says that students will get "more for their fifty bucks than a room with computers." He hopes that the organization will be seen more as a comprehensive program for the students than simply as a room with electronic toys.

Michael Howe, Director of Needs and Acquisitions, suggests as an example, a means to allow students to purchase equipment through PRISM. This could help students get computers and accessories far less expensively than through normal channels.

Currently they are surveying the third- and fourth-year students from the SBE who are on campus. When surveys have been returned, the PRISM people will have a clearer idea of what the students want. Right now, they have no concrete plans, but, added Ellis, "a lot of ideas."

While PRISM is paid for and run by students in the SBE, students from other faculties will not be prohibited from using the computers and other equipment. They would, however, have little use for much of the software -- such as accounting or econometric packages.

'Take my trademark...please!'

Terry Grogan
Cord News

The Wilfrid Laurier University Students' Union is in trouble again, but this time it is a laughing matter.

According to Vice President Media and Communications Martin Walker, Yuk Yuk's Inter-

national contacted the Students' Union over a poster used to promote the July 5 comedy night at Wilf's. The lawyer for Yuk Yuk's expressed concerns over trademark infringement to Vice President Student Activities Mark Rittinger.

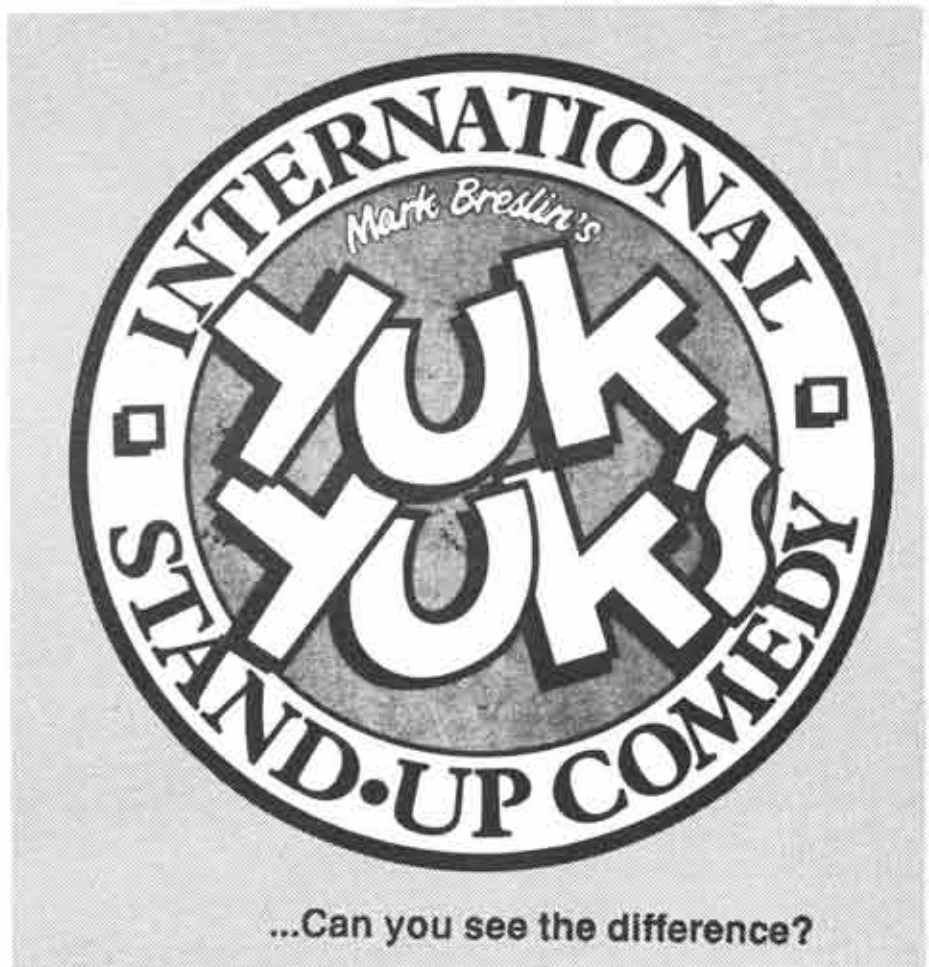
While Walker's department was responsible for the actual de-

sign of the knock-off "Comedy-Nite" bullet logo, Rittinger accepted responsibility for the situation. Although the logo has been used to promote stand-up comedy acts appearing at Wilf's for over a year, Rittinger admitted that he was unaware that the logo so closely resembled that of Yuk Yuk's.

In a telephone interview, the President of Yuk Yuk's, Jeff Silverman, commented that since Yuk Yuk's began in September of 1976, cases like this have occurred many times. Silverman noted that a restaurant in New Jersey once called itself "Yuk Yuk's", and just happened to run stand-up comedy acts Saturday nights.

Silverman said that almost daily the company has to protect its trademark, "not just because of the clubs, but because we also merchandise a board game, a radio show, TV specials -- in fact, Marty Breslin [the founder of Yuk Yuk's] is coming out with a book soon, so we're protecting Random House's rights also."

Rittinger commented that the lawyer for Yuk Yuk's was actually very fair about the situation, asking only for assurances that the posters would never again be



...Can you see the difference?



I can't see the difference...

used, and a short written apology to the company.

Rittinger was quick to comply, and as Silverman noted, the Yuk Yuk's Head Office received a letter July 10.

Asked why it took a year before the Kitchener-Waterloo Yuk Yuk's franchise noticed the trademark infringement, manager Jamie Taylor said that he had no idea.

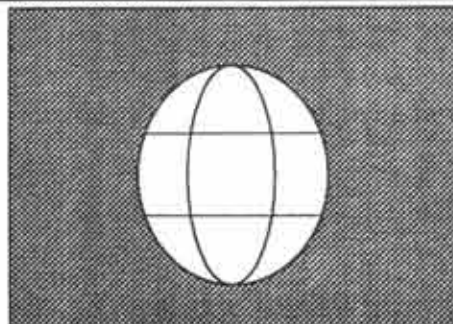
But he commented that Yuk Yuk's has been in K-W for over

three years, and has just recently -- March 7, 1991 -- moved to its new location beside the Don Cherry's bar, he agreed to speculate that the matter was probably only now brought to his attention because of the new proximity to the Wilfrid Laurier campus.

According to Students' Union President Nick Jimenez, "This has been a learning experience: we'll have to be more careful in the future about what we use to promote our events."

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R. I. P.
Question
of the Week
1983-1991

On Saturday, July 18, 1991, at 11:04 a.m., the not-very-popular section of The Cord called "Question of the Week" died a quick and painless death when the staff voted unanimously to can it forever.

Q of the W, as we not-very-fondly called it, began in our paper in September, 1983. Over its pathetic career it challenged the WLU community with such questions as: "What do you like best about cows?" and "What's the most flexible thing in nature?" Most answers, no matter what the question was, had to do with sex. So we axed it.

It's gone.

We're quite happy about that.

Watch for something better to take its place in September. We'd tell you what it is, but it's a secret.

(In other words, we don't know yet.)

Construction: stories and photos

Waiting list

Michael van Bodegom
The Cord

The note read:

Mike; For the article on the new residence Andrew Berczi said to speak to Wilgar about it. Wilgar said to speak to Fred Nichols. Call Fred Nichols to make an appointment to speak to him. He will be in at 3:00 today. [signed] Cathy-Jo Noble.

Despite the tales, predictions, and even articles in the Cord, not all first-year students will get into residence this year. There is, in fact, a waiting list of over 200 students.

Dean of Students Fred Nichols' dream for fifteen years has been to have rooms for all first-year students who wanted to live in residence. His greatest disappointment with the new building on campus, which has 300 beds, is that it "still isn't enough."

Nichols has received complaints from students who claim that brochures and other advertising guaranteed residence. While the Dean said that no such literature exists, he does sympathize with these students, some of whom have turned down other universities where they were guaranteed a bed on-campus.

In fact, according to Nichols, this is part of reason for such a long waiting list: far more students are accepting Laurier's offer of admission than the school had expected. This higher confirmation level means that more first-year students than planned will be here in the fall.

With 58 men and 158 women on the waiting list, is there any chance that they will all still get into residence? "Definitely not," said Nichols.

He had been at a meeting earlier in the day, where other plans were discussed. The immediate problem is the in-coming first-year students. WLU has been in conference with the owner of the apartment building at King and Ezra and has worked out a deal of sorts. In return for encouraging students to rent from the building, they have agreed to keep aside two or three floors exclusively for the Laurier frosh.

Dean Nichols explained that the apartments in this building are laid out similarly to the new residence -- four apartments, two washrooms and a common area -- and with whole floors of Laurier students together, the students will still receive some of the "residence experience".

For the future, Laurier is already considering other plans. Nichols said that previously they had been considering purchasing the King and Ezra building and may have to consider this again. Other options include buying more land and doing more construction, or other deals like the one they have struck with the building at King and Ezra.



Some nice shots of the construction and the hard-working men who do it. Pics: Tom Szeibel (top), Mark Hand (bottom)



It was horrible. Really scary, man. I was just standing there with my camera and this guy in a hard hat says "no pictures". I ignored him like I do all self-important goons, and then he says "OK Ralph, the tractor", and the other guy hops in this thing and charges straight for me! I barely escaped with my life. Great photo, though, so I won't sue. Pic: Woody von Hammer

Construction blurbs

Mike van Bodegom
The Cord

Someone told me there haven't been enough articles on the construction on the campus, so here's a few blurbs:

1) While the new residence has been built to be accessible to the physically challenged, there is no handicapped parking nearby. In fact, the parking for the new residence is on Regina Street. Dean Nichols did not know what, if anything, was being done. "We may have to put in handicapped parking."

Judy Bruyn, Special Needs Co-ordinator, said that last summer she had mentioned the problem at a meeting of the New Residence Users' Committee, but at the time was told that there was no parking -- handicapped or otherwise -- allocated for the residence. Her concern now is that, short of being dropped off at the residence by Project Lift or private transportation, some of the physically challenged students may have serious problems getting

to and leaving the residence.

Bruyn says that clearly there should be some handicapped parking nearby, and hopes that there is no administrative problems in getting it. She says that the Special Needs Office has had a very good relationship with Physical Plant and Planning and does not think this will become "an issue."

2) The construction outside the Torque Room will soon be a study room. Money is coming in from a government grant, on the condition that it is designed solely for studying. By government definitions, this effectively prevents the building from being attached directly to the Torque Room.

3) Yes, that is a skylight being built in the Con-course. Soon we will all be able to buy our coffee and donuts in the rays of the sun. While some may say that building a skylight in Waterloo is a pointless affair (from a sunshine point of view), Dean Nichols says that this had been former WLUSU President Stuart Lewis' dream.

It's a pity that Stu won't be here to enjoy it.

IGNORING

Laurier's False Start on Racial Issues:

Multiculturalism. Ethnic diversity. Race relations.

Whatever the buzzword, the debate over Canadian cultural diversity is heating up. Keith Spicer's Citizens' Forum has reported that public support is eroding for the federal government's multicultural policies. The Reform Party is attacking the traditional Canadian mosaic, calling it a policy of fragmentation and division, rather than one of unity. At the same time, supporters of multiculturalism argue for more support of minorities, and for more sensitivity to their needs.

This fiery national debate is now beginning at Laurier. What is the state of race relations at Laurier? What are the administration and the WLU Students' Union doing? And how do their efforts measure up those of other universities?

A House Divided

No consensus exists on the current state of race relations at Laurier. In an interview, one student simply said, "There are no race relations at Laurier. I've been to the Turret and people come up to me and say 'Show me how to dance'. Just because I'm brown doesn't mean I can dance. Just because I'm brown doesn't mean I'm not from Canada. When I had a problem with a prof and appealed a participation mark, a person in the Appeal Division said 'Racism doesn't exist at Laurier'. I think that's bullshit. I think he didn't want to face up to reality."

Franklin Ramsoomair, Third and Fourth Year BBA Co-ordinator, disagrees. Ramsoomair, who was born in Trinidad, and has lived

in Canada for the past 17 years, says, "I've found Laurier to be extremely open. There's no incident I can think about where I experienced racism. I'm constantly thinking that I'm biased in terms of idealism. We're in a healthy state primarily because of the imperative of awareness from faculty, staff and the administration."

Russ Wong, a third year BBA co-op student, has this to say about race relations at Laurier, "Basically, it's normal. It hasn't been a problem from my point of view. Laurier is a white school, but because everyone comes from different backgrounds, there is a mix, excluding race." Wong describes an incident from his first year at Laurier, "When I went to the AC, they asked me for my ID, and the guy made a comment like 'All you guys look alike to me, anyway.'"

Jeff Bowden, VP: University Affairs for the WLU Students' Union characterizes sensitivity to race issues at Laurier as "poor to pathetic". Bowden, who recently attended an Ontario Federation of Students' (OFS) conference, says "I was really impressed with the OFS' consideration of minorities. The OFS does a lot of awareness campaigns. It's about time we got some. Just because there's not a wide range of ethnic minorities at Laurier, doesn't mean we shouldn't do anything."

Opinion is divided over the importance of the issue, too. "At other universities there's a wide variety of multicultural clubs," says one student. "It (Laurier) caters to one clique which I would define as 'white people'. My participation marks suffer,

I'm not taken seriously, and it hurts my academic standing. I feel uncomfortable, and intimidated, and angry."

Russ Wong has a different perspective, "I haven't had any problems, or felt any problems. I guess I would like to have a mechanism (for race-related complaints) in place, but there's other pressing issues."

"My own view is that

Moving in the Right Direction -- But Slowly

What is Laurier doing about race-related issues? Barbara Shaw, Human Rights and Employment Equity Co-ordinator for Laurier, has some answers.

"Human rights are a sensitive issue, to ask people to look at their biases is difficult. My job is to look at all employ-



the university tends to reflect society," says Franklin Ramsoomair. "Given the climate of Laurier, faculty and students are willing to address unfairness and discrimination. We try to deal with it as soon as it happens."

A colour-blind campus -- or one blind to minorities?

What is Laurier: an unbiased, colour-blind campus -- or one blind to the needs of its ethnic minorities? While there is no definitive answer, what seems very clear is that some persons of colour feel, in the words of one student, "uncomfortable" at Laurier.

ment functions of WLU. Recruiting, interviewing, promotion, compensation, and any barriers, sexism or racism," says Shaw.

"We (the University Employment Equity Advisory Council) have spent six months writing an employment equity policy for the whole university. The policy will pertain to Laurier and is based on the Human Rights Code. Our policy wants to promote a climate that is welcoming at Laurier," Shaw continues. "We hope to have the policy passed by the Board of Governors. There should also be a committee to look at race relations."

The committee has representation from all

university constituencies, including faculty, staff, CUPE, Food Services, and students. Members of 'designated groups' -- women, persons with disabilities, and visible minorities -- are part of the committee.

Currently, Shaw says, a student who experienced a racial incident would have to act within the context of the university and its provisions (appealing to the professor; faculty dean; Donald Baker, the VP: Academic; or Fred Nichols, the Dean of Students). A student could also appeal directly to the Ontario Human Rights Commission.

"There's sexism and racism in society, and universities are a reflection of society. There's sexism and racism here. Laurier is working towards human rights and employment equity. If the policy is passed (by the Board of Governors), it will make a difference, hopefully."

Franklin Ramsoomair says that initiatives are also underway in the School of Business and Economics. "Within our courses, out of 24 topics, we have a topic called 'Managing Change', including 'Managing Diversity'. That is scratching the surface. We are going in relation to what is going on in society, but don't expect to see any glowing changes."

"While we should have a proportion of the curriculum devoted to multicultural issues, I have a problem compacting it. It seems to me this should be threaded throughout the classroom, in the way people act and talk."

A policy on race relations is also being discussed at the SBE. Although the policy is just at the idea stage at the

IGNORANCE

Policies Passed, People Passed By

present, says Ramsoomair, he hopes it will be passed and implemented by January 1992. The policy, if passed, would apply only to the SBE.

Ramsoomair outlined current sensitivity training that the SBE sponsors, "We have ongoing modular sensitivity training for the words people use. As funds and time allow, we want to also involve all SBE participants, from first year students to fourth year." An appeal mechanism for race-related concerns could be part of the race relations policy, he said.

Sensitivity training is also taking place outside of the SBE. "We had a workshop on human rights legislation, both for academic and administrative offices, and a workshop on Article 22 of the collective agreement (which deals with the hiring of female employees). I would say we've been doing quite a lot to get administration people aware of non-discrimination, equal treatment, and equal opportunity issues," says Donald Baker, VP: Academic for Laurier.

"The administration is moving in the right direction, but they're moving slowly," says Jeff Bowden, WLU Students' Union VP: University Affairs. "Once the Sexual Harassment Committee and policy is in place, we can take it as a package into other areas."

Work on Laurier's Sexual Harassment Policy first began in 1987. The Sexual Harassment Committee has yet to be formed — even though it was supposed to be formed, and in operation by May 1. (see "It's one thing to say you're going to do something, and another to put it into place.

He (Dr. Weir) hasn't even contacted the Students' Union yet," says Bowden.

Laurier's official race relations policy is a general statement, affirming the university's commitment to "a policy of employment equity and equal opportunity... with a view towards the elimination of any barriers which reduce or prevent employment equity and equal opportunity at this institu-

says, "F&B (the Finance and Building Committee, responsible for budgeting) said that any budget overages would be covered."

Laurier's Faculty of Social Work issued a report, titled Multicultural Issues in Social Work Education: The Dynamics of Change, in mid-March of this year.

"We made 16 recommendations in the report, including that material

responded to these issues, learn from them, and use their experiences here."

There is progress being made at Laurier, albeit slowly, as Jeff Bowden indicates. Just what are other campuses doing about race relations — and how do Laurier's actions measure up?

Taking a Look at the System

Trent University, located near Peterborough, is comparable in size to Laurier, with Peterborough and Waterloo having similar demographics and population. What is not so similar is the two campuses' progress in race relations.

Yolanda Smith, Employment and Educational Equity Coordinator for Trent University, describes her department's efforts. "We've done a fair amount of education in regards to biased selection. We have a Harassment Committee, with a

educational selection process, in order to increase the representation of visible minorities in post-secondary institutions. The racial and ethnic breakdown of campuses should be tracked, the report states, with pro-active efforts made to bring under represented minorities to the university system. Presently, neither Trent nor Laurier tracks the ethnic composition of their respective student bodies. Laurier does, however, track such variables as gender, faculty, occupation, and, interestingly enough, the Ontario county each student is from.

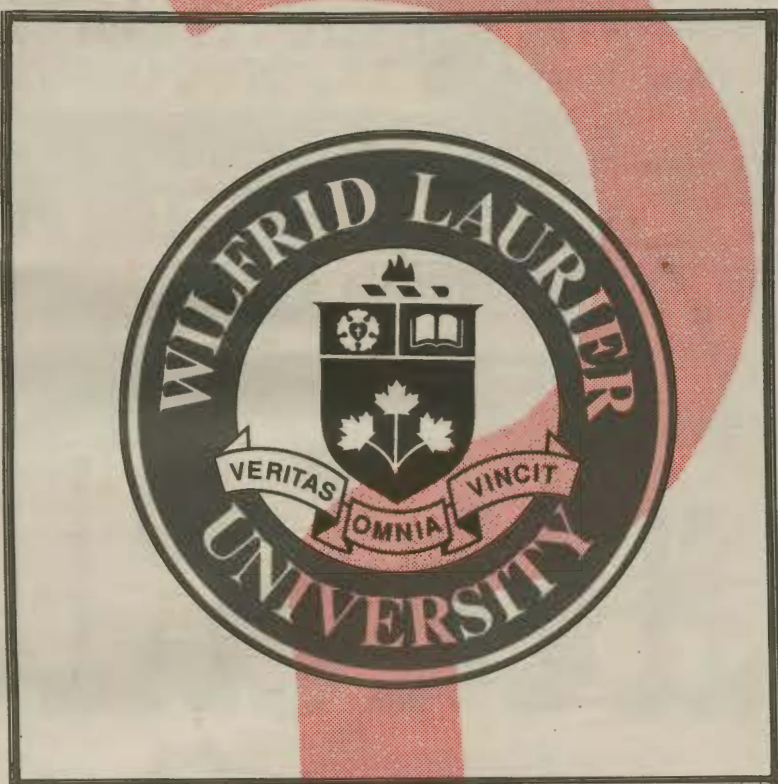
The report also calls for an end to Eurocentric curricula, and the establishment of bursaries and scholarships to end financial discrimination for minorities.

"I don't think you can legislate values, but you can allow an open forum for airing views and addressing the views, such as what is a Canadian," says Smith. "People can then address systemic discrimination.

"It's a tough thing to do, to break down some of the barriers. It depends on how much support you have in addressing the attitudes that have been there for a long time, whether they are inadvertent or not. It's not enough to talk about culture. You need to take a look at the system."

Breaking down the barriers of prejudice is tough, as Yolanda Smith says. It takes the support of the public — the students, in Laurier's case — to alter attitudes and to, as one student said, "Make us all feel at home."

by Pat Brethour



tion."

The policy does not set out a specific appeals mechanism like that of the sexual harassment policy.

The Students' Union is taking tentative steps to address race-related issues. "An awareness campaign is number one. Second, I guess is lobbying. The administration has got to have a policy. It's the only way to achieve anything concrete."

Bowden's department has set aside \$400 for two awareness campaigns — out of a budget of \$1.95 million. He says, however, that with free advertising and artwork, the \$400 figure is larger than it seems. Also, he

on cultural diversity be made part of the core curriculum (in the Master's of Social Work program)," says Dr. Shankar Yelaja, Dean of Social Work, and the project's director. "Secondly, Canadian history should be reexamined with respect to the treatment of aboriginal people, and there should be systematic training in the field to develop cultural sensitivity.

"The issue is before the enrollment management committee. I think it will certainly move as a priority on their agenda. A year from now perhaps, educational equity may be in place," says Dr. Yelaja. "I think it would be important to see how other universities have

"I don't think you can legislate values"

formal process in place. We have a Native Studies Program and an International Studies Program.

"Training (for university workers dealing with students) is a priority. That's the only way people can see if they have a similar problem. I think training takes the mystique out of culture, in dealing with visible minorities."

Trent, along with Queen's University, has just issued a report titled Towards Diversity and Equity at Queen's: A Strategy for Change. The report calls for far-reaching reforms to the

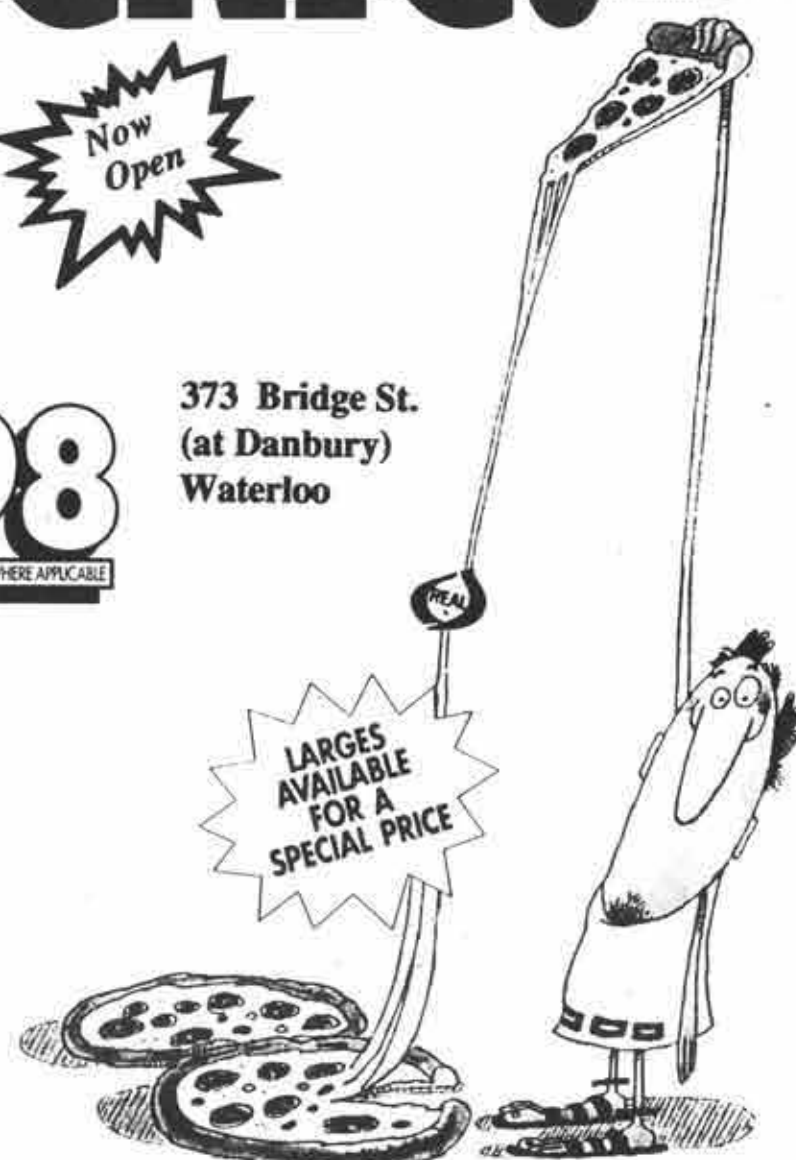
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Fever is hip but hurting

by Jennifer Epps

Jungle Fever makes you want to rush home and hide under the covers for a long time, so writer/director Spike Lee must be doing something right. It's a tough, gritty film about the intricacies of racism in present-day New York, and it makes your stomach hurt because its prognosis is so bleak. The catalyst for baring ugly attitudes is an affair between Flipper Purify, a black male architect from Harlem, and Angie Tucci, a white female secretary from Bensonhurst who temps at his Manhattan office.

The movie is no love story. Flipper (Wesley Snipes) is a happily married family man with a doting daughter until Angie (Anabella Sciorra) walks into his life and all hell breaks loose. He cheats on his wife for the first time, engendering the disapproval of his best friend (played by Lee). Meanwhile, when Angie's father (Frank Vincent) discovers her act of racial betrayal, he beats her and throws her out. Flipper and Angie move in together, much to the distress of Flipper's smouldering, Bible-thumping father (Ossie Davis) and Angie's fragile former steady, Paulie (John Turturro).



Now, however, Lee seems to have become such a staunch separatist that he isn't even aware anyone in his wide audience might need convincing of his thesis. Lee doesn't prove that the leads' attraction is based on racist notions of sexual prowess on Angie's part, or on complexes about dark skin on Flipper's; Lee believes placing these accusations in the mouths of characters on the periphery is the same as demonstrating their validity.

Snipes and Sciorra are left with no one to portray, they've become such political symbols. All is confusion. Angie is a sexual innocent, yet Lee poisons our view of her by making her a home-wrecker. When her girlfriends are grossed-out by her choice of partner, she stares at them but doesn't speak, and we have no idea what she's thinking. Flipper minimizes his wife's pain and stands in the street amidst a shower of his belongings, showing no guilt but a lot of condescension. Why is he such a jerk? It's no surprise that we aren't sure what this duo feels about each other; we aren't sure what they feel about anything. And Angie gets short shrift in comparison with some other characters--we know more about her ex-boyfriend than we know about her.

Colourful performances do emerge from Davis, Turturro, Anthony Quinn (as Paulie's demanding father), Samuel L.

We aren't sure what they feel about anything

Jackson (as Flipper's addict brother), and Ruby Dee (Flipper's helpless, gentle mother). The rest of the cast is grouped in gangs; the film is overcrowded. Brad Dourif and Tim Robbins play Flipper's pig-headed, bigoted employers. At Paulie's corner store, volatile Italian locals of mottled ancestry egg him on about losing his girl to a black man. And an assemblage of corseted, cosmetized, and cosmopolitan women chew the fat with Drew, Flipper's wife (Lonette McKee), resembling no one so much as guests on *Oprah*; distanced from the subjects of their discussion--men, dating,

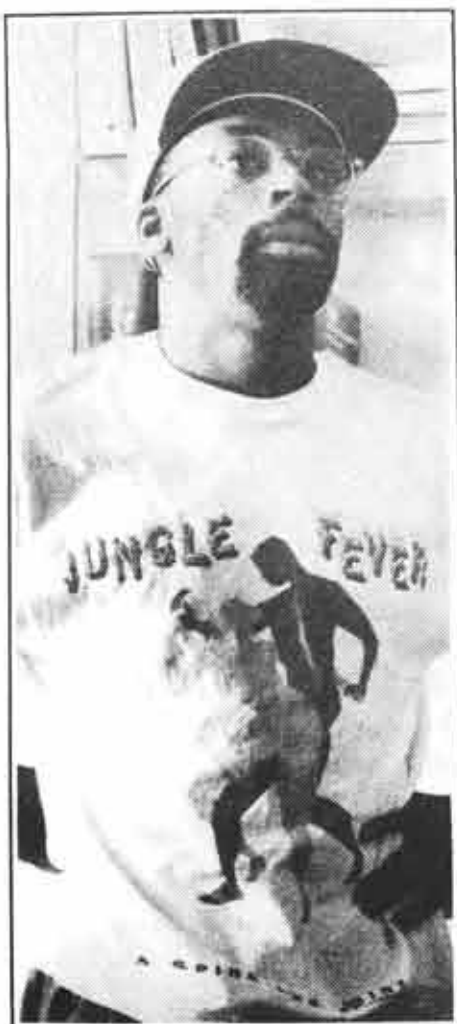
race--and even distanced from Drew's recent emotional upheaval.

By showing the mess on both sides of the fence (familial abuse, sexism, addictions to crack and religion) Lee is claiming that each race has more important tasks ahead than getting together; he is saying they need to clean up

their own houses. In effect, the small-minded, hate-filled folk have final say. Drew maintains that black women should have faith in black men, that to seek a relationship blind to race is to give up. Paulie prepares for a date with a black woman and the evening is an angry assertion of his manhood: first he defies his fa-

ther, then he brawls with the street toughs who have been on his back. (His date, by the way, has miraculously withdrawn early.)

Certainly **Jungle Fever** is brimming with directorial energy. There's a spectacular sequence when Flipper tracks down his brother in a smoky warehouse full of dope fiends. Lee continues to experiment with distinctive methods of expressing himself, and his political pugnacity is commendable. But his writing sometimes skips steps in plot development or psychological exploration. James Baldwin's novel *Tell Me How Long the Train's Been Gone* included an interracial romance and is a startling example of how sex can be imbued with psychological meaning. Lee's tale supposedly revolves around sex, but he never shows it in any light except a superficial Hollywoodish kind. **Jungle Fever** succumbs to Lee's congenital weaknesses: fascination with hipness, and sanctimonious statements. Lee ends this picture the same way he ended *School Daze*. It didn't work then either.



We never get to see a blissful, romantic phase in Flipper and Angie's relationship, not even in private; because every reel is taken up with the opinions of the rival communities on the coupling. It's *Romeo and Juliet* pared down to the epithets of the Montagues and Capulets. Lee never gives the lovers a chance; he even prejudices Flipper with the last name Purify, a caution against mixing. It is not the pair's friends and families who pull them apart: it is the fact the two never had a genuine bond to begin with. One flaw in the script is that we come away with that conclusion by default, through the lack of romantic interaction.

In *Do the Right Thing*, Lee's best film so far, the characters at least come close enough to connecting that we feel something has been lost when they don't.



WLU band goes big

by Guy Etherington

While most bands wait years to get their first 'big break', Laurier's **Pray For Rain** only had to wait a few months. Recently they were finalists in CFNY's Modern Music Talent Search.

"We didn't really expect much", says guitarist/2nd year Business student Steve Halvorson.

He shrugs and says with a smile, "We just sort of sent the demo tape in and figured what the heck? What is there to lose? We didn't expect this".

Being a finalist in the contest meant beating out hundreds of other bands, getting their song, "Pocketful of Dreams" on the compilation CD/cassette and performing along with seven other finalists at the Copa Club in Toronto on June 16.

And performing on this night also meant play-

ing in front of music industry people including record agents, managers and club owners.

Ian Torres, bassist and impromptu vocalist said "the manager for the [Toronto group] **Bare Naked Ladies** talked to us and we exchanged numbers. We also met the owner of the Senator Club and he said he'd like to have us play there".

The performance was not only a showcase for the various bands but also a competition. The winner would perform at Molson Park in Barrie on Canada Day. Also at stake was some valuable studio time.

The competition was stiff. **Pray For Rain**, a pop/rock band with some live performance experience found itself competing with acts that had been playing for a few years (**Sing Along With Tonto**, **Chris Bottomly**, and **Skaface**) and bands who seemed to have never performed live before (**Digit** and **I.C.E.**). **Pray For Rain** held their own though, in spite of looking slightly nervous.

While they didn't win the overall competition (eight-piece ska band **Skaface** did) they gained some valuable experience performing in front of a large crowd, they have a new tape to peddle and they made some inroads into the music business.

Most importantly, the band has kept things in perspective.

"We're not quitting school or anything", said Halvorson, "but we are going to pursue this".

Probably a couple of wise decisions.

Look for **Pray For Rain** around school and Waterloo this fall.



Play loses nothing in translation

by Jennifer Epps

When John Van Burek and Bill Glassco translated *Les Belles Soeurs* into English, they didn't translate Quebecer Michel Tremblay's title -- because they couldn't. In French, *belles-soeurs* are sisters-in-law; without the hyphen, the term denotes beautiful, lovely individuals, closely linked through flesh and blood or similarity. The lower-class Montreal women who populate Tremblay's 1965 play -- neighbours, friends, and relations -- are all vulgar, snarling, sneering animals, and their kennels are far from pretty.

Each of the 15 female characters dreams of escaping a dreary, dead-end existence. *Les Belles Soeurs* complain and gossip and steal, hoping all the while to win at Bingo or in some contest. They vent their socio-economic anger

on each other because a lack of education and opportunity prevents them from thinking in terms of political solutions, in terms of any solutions. Community is essential to them because to face their situation alone would be unbearable; they engage in petty jealousies, false piety, and fierce ostracism because it's the only power they get. Tremblay's talent is to take these pathetic souls and make them thigh-slappingly hilarious. We'd cry or rage if we weren't laughing so hard.

In the Stratford Festival production, at the Avon Theatre until August 10th, Susan Wright vividly portrays the protagonist, Germaine Lauzon, a large, unkempt housewife who has just won a million trading stamps. Wright's Germaine squeezes out words gutturally, until she's out of breath, and she moons over all the tacky objects she can pur-

chase with her windfall. Soon the women she invited to a "pasting party" start showing up, and we can see how resentful they are. Germaine puts them to work and doesn't offer refreshments, and when she insults them, one by one, they take revenge. Eventually, they are overcome with their bitterness and they riot; this sequence, staged by John Stead is a marvellous sight--the French Revolution in the dingy, sagging kitchen designed by Michael Goodwin. Germaine, of course, doesn't deserve this insurrectionary hatred, she just happened to be the person who won the contest. But to her peers, that is precisely what is unforgivable. "Do I look like someone who's ever won anything?" is their shibboleth.

There are a number of twinkling performances in the cast: Anne Wright is watchable as she rolls her tongue over her lips, scrunches her shoulders, and squints at her sister Germaine. Michelle Fisk, in only her second season at Stratford, plunges into a relatively small part so much that you can see her eyes glint. Kate Reid is delicate and childlike; Janet Wright frighteningly severe; Pat Galloway poignant; and Patricia Collins deliciously comic in their various roles. (Collins' snob has a variation on the group mantra: "Do I look like I need to win anything?")

However, Goldie Semple is somewhat awkward as the sexy black sheep in Germaine's family and Barbara Bryne, as Germaine's other sister, is never credible -- not even her speech patterns wash with us. Similarly, while Tremblay structured the play as a pastiche of realism and Brechtian set pieces, soliloquies and asides to the audience, the overall rhythm is scattered. Director Marti Maraden has managed to make the transitions

fluid (with the help of lighting designer Louise Guinand) and there is a kind of funky unity, but *Les Belles Soeurs* isn't the flawless spectacle its cheering audiences would like to believe.

Some of the staging feels merely obligatory, and we walk away unsure of Tremblay's tone -- he seems to have been afraid to

go too far in either direction of this tragi-comedy. When Germaine lifts her voice in a parody of *O Canada*, Tremblay's new lyrics manage to be both didactic and facetious.

Nonetheless, most of the play is too raucous to be ignored, and its unique memorable characters are well worth meeting.

Kiev's Cinderella like a dream

by Roxanne Chartrand

Have you ever dreamed of being rescued by and falling in love with a wonderful and perfect man? Well you should have gone to see your dream come true in the Kiev Ballet's reproduction of the fairy tale every little girl knows, "Cinderella", at the Centre In The Square in May.

The ballet company did a fantastic job of bringing to life a most magical story. In three acts, the familiar tale of Cinderella was told, including the cruel teasing of her step-sisters, the magic of her fairy god-mother, the splendor of the Prince's Ball, a lost slipper and the happy-ever-after ending with her wedding.

The costumes of the dancers were very colourful and glamorous. They shimmered under the stage lights creating an atmosphere of splendor and mystique. The stage design was also very awe-inspiring. The scenery would quickly change from the magical decor of the inside of the palace to a wonderful panoramic view of the countryside and back to the grand setting of the palatial ballroom. Even the step-mother's house was an intriguing array of colours contrasted with the gray and grimy hearth.

However, beneath all the decor could be found a very well rehearsed group of dancers. This seventy-two member company gave a polished performance that kept the audience alive with anticipation. These dancers were a group of people dancing as one single unit. Not one dancer missed a step. The soloists were the epitome of perfection with Cinderella and the Prince extracting a hearty round of applause from the audience at the end of the performance.

For me, the scene that best sums up the whole performance is the ballroom scene. All the performers were costumed in their most colourful frocks and the Prince and Cinderella were both dressed in white. The ballroom was decorated with assorted colours of ribbons and bows intricately woven above and around the dancers. As Cinderella and the Prince danced their way around the ballroom, you could feel the magic of the moment and even the audience got swept up in the spell cast by the fairy god-mother.

Of course, there was also comic relief in the production. These acts of comedy were performed by the Prince's father, his servants, the step-mother, and her daughters. They all danced in a clumsy fashion (that was very well rehearsed and perfectly performed) and they all wore the most silly expressions on their faces. These dancers represented the realism in the performance -- they brought the audience down from the dreamlike state created by the magic of Cinderella and the Prince.

Although there were no mice and pumpkin to turn into a horse-drawn carriage, this reproduction of the traditional fairy tale was wonderfully brought to life by a very polished company of dancers.

The Kiev Ballet has been a well known and highly acclaimed ballet company and judging from the audience's reaction at their performance here in Kitchener, they have no doubt continued to strengthen their image of brilliance and perfection.



No, they're not the ladies from Food Services, but three actresses in *Les Belles Soeurs*.

Crash Test really good

by Mark Hand

If I was going to start a music group, here's what I'd do:

I'd get a couple of good singers -- one male, one female -- who have really good, distinctive voices. Then I'd get some really talented musicians to play the instruments: guitar, bass, drums, keyboards, and then add a few different instruments like accordion, harmonica, and mandolin. The group would sound kind of folksy, yet rocking, and it would have to have distinctive name, to reflect their distinctive sound, maybe something like "Crash Test Dummies".

Oh hell, it's been done.

And it has been done well.

I must admit, I missed the *Dummies* when they were in Waterloo three years ago, but hey, I was stupid back then. But when they played Phil's on July 10, you can bet I didn't miss them...and neither did 260 other people, for it was Phil's Grandson's Place's first sell-out performance in their three year history.

I'm not sure where to begin describing the band. You've probably heard it all before, since every two-bit newspaper and magazine has spotlighted them at one point or another. They're from Winnipeg. They don't like being called Celtic rockers. The guitarist/singer and the bassist are brothers. Yeah, yeah. Screw it: they're really good.

Lead singer Brad Roberts' baritone voice has been described by the media as "deep, dusky",

"smoky", "booming", "sonorous", "thundering", and by himself as "like the Friendly Giant with a cold." My thesaurus just can't beat "sonorous", so I'll just say it's really good.

The music is also really good. Their proficiency with the instruments is really good, and the lyrics to their songs -- perhaps a bit morbid but then again what do you expect from a songwriter who gets inspiration from Sylvia Plath? -- are really good.

The show? It was really good.

I'll end off with a little anecdote about why I like seeing Canadian performers. Hanging around outside the bar before the show, I was watching the members of the group playing hacky sack on the sidewalk beside King Street. Now, it's just really good to see musicians who are currently enjoying more success than they can even hope for (while they were playing their frustrating little bean bag game they got word that they will be playing for 30,000 people in Halifax next month) but who are still comfortable enough to play hacky sack on a sidewalk instead of being cramped up in a back room for hours before the show drinking Jack Daniels and snorting coke.

And after watching other crappy groups tell us how wonderful they are, it's also nice to hear the *Dummies* put themselves down for a change: "I'm a scrawny little fuck", "you might have seen our silly little video", and other admittedly contrived but still refreshing self-degradations.

I'm not sure if you can see what that has to do with being Canadian, but it makes sense to me.



Sounds of summer *was* summer Saturday

by Tony Burke

"Well, I've never played in a bubble before" seemed to be the quote of the day at Waterloo Arena on Saturday, June 22 for the five bands participating in day two of the Sounds of Summer Festival.

The threat of rain moved the entertainment inside once again but that didn't discourage the crowd from coming out and enjoying the music.

Although three bands preceeded them, audience reaction and attendance only reached its peak at 5:00 pm for Toronto country/rock band the Skydiggers -- clearly the main attraction of the day.

Playing material from their debut album, such as "We Don't Talk Much Anymore" and "I Will Give You Everything", with some unrecorded songs, the Skydiggers provided the energy that the crowd yearned for from earlier acts Lucky Seven and the Saddletramps.

The youngest of the day's bands, the Saddletramps played a mundane set of material that showed some promise but was marred by poor lyrics and arrangements that made all the songs sound much too similar.

New York's Lucky Seven were able to get some of the audience dancing with their bizarre mixture of rock-a-billy, zydeco and cajun but they echoed their set of the previous evening's street dance thereby betraying their lack of enthusiasm for the event.

Relative newcomers Gregory Hoskins and the Stick People proved to be a pleasant surprise breaking up the mediocrity of the earlier acts with their versatility and musicianship. With Hoskins on vocals and guitar, backed with an exceptionally talented drummer, five-string fretless bassist, keyboard player and female backup singer, the band delivered some first rate music from their debut album including "In My Neighbourhood" and "Let Her Go".

The apparent "headliner" of the day, the Pursuit of Happiness, finished the show in their own obnoxious manner trashing the Beatles' "Revolution" in their wake. With a large amount of the crowd opting to leave after the Skydiggers performed, perhaps it would have been better to place TPOH earlier in the day, or just take them out completely.



There was a lot we could say about Leslie Spit Tree-o's Pat Langner's hair, but we didn't. Pic: Tom Szeibel



Bootsauce topped off the big bill at the Sounds of Summer.

Pic: Mark Hand

Sunday

by Guy Etherington

Okay, so Sunday's outdoor version of the Sounds of Summer was no Woodstock; no rain, no mud, no weird acid trips, no crazy hippies (well, at least, not many). It was still a good time, with frisbees floating and spinning, footballs sailing around and baseballs smacking leather gloves as the sun beat down.

The first act of the day, **The Phantoms**, were somewhat disappointing. Don't get me wrong -- they are a good band musically. The music was clear, catchy, and performed with the tightness and punch of a bar band that has played a thousand gigs.

And along with that thousand bar gigs would come thousands more bottles of beer, which seemed to be a favourite topic of singer Jerome Godboo. Beer was all he talked about between songs. Hasn't that "huh, huh-yeah man, beer" thing been done enough?

Speaking of unoriginal (kind of like this transition), **The Phantoms'** songs have lyrics. Bad lyrics. Trite and overused lyrics. But it's hard to say if the crowd even noticed the band was on stage, as cold pop cans tipped back, frothy, icy beer was gulped and snow cones turned tongues bluer than the ice the cones were made from.

Then there was the **Leslie Spit Tree-O**. Different from **The Phantoms** because they weren't as tight or polished but they had much more energy and emotion in their set. And they were interesting to watch, with vocalist/kazoo player Laura Hubert doing swirling airplane divebombs, careening around the stage and literally bouncing off the walls.

The 'LST' were more interesting to listen to as well, with Hubert's strong, powerful shout/wail/croon of a voice surrounded by the eclectic mix of country melodies with rock chords amongst frenzied folk numbers. They also did a souped-up electric version of Buffalo Springfield's "For What It's Worth", which was...uh...different. It was almost as good as popsicles dripping down

arms and ice cream-eaten-too-fast headaches, wandering through the clothes tent trying to find that funky pair of summer shorts, or just to get into the shade.

Meryn Cadell was responsible for breaking up the above bands, meaning she performed in between them.

I guess it could be called performing. She isn't really a musician, but is more of a spoken word/performance artist/comedienne. She told/sang/rhymed amusing stories and anecdotes in a poetic/sing-song/monologue fashion.

She talked/sang/(whatever) about the degradations of looking for a job, and how a bank teller falls in love with an heroic bank robber. She talked about the short-lived bliss of having a sweater belonging to that "boy of your dreams who is exactly the same as the boy in your girlfriend's dreams".

Quite amusing as she recreated universal images and experiences of teenagers. Quite interesting as she created a rhythm with her voice and altered it to keep her monologues/stories/thingies going. Quite good, as were the hot dogs smothered in hot peppers, spicy sausages, draped over a too-small bun and the stick to you like cobwebs, 100% pure double sweetened sugar candy floss.

Then there was this band from Newfoundland: **Thomas Trio and the Red Albino**. I don't understand the name but I understand the music: **Red Hot Chili Peppers** type of funk with a Ska beat and pace with a cheap keyboard that has a tinny horn program. They were fun and had energy but were nothing special.

Topping off the afternoon-rapidly-becoming-evening was **Bootsauce**, still revelling in the fame and glory they've been receiving over the last year due to a good album and MuchMusic overkill. They seemed to have fun, but then again, that's what they get paid for, so who can say? As good as their album is, **Bootsauce** is arguably better live, for a lot of the discoish pop background noise on the sequencer gets lost in the sheer violence of the real instruments. And they bop around like crickets on a hot plate, too, with the energy of ten cases of Jolt Cola. It was neat.

But all of this seemed to be going on in the background as people walked around, socialized and baked in the sun. This wasn't just the Sounds of Summer, it *was* summer.

Wella, wella, wella

by Mark Hand

We've all heard of that crazy group who play **Led Zeppelin** songs with a reggae beat and (hear's the catch) an Elvis impersonator on the vocals.

The joy -- the sheer orgasmic bliss -- when you first hear that throaty "wella, wella, wella" in the beginning of "Song Remains the Same" is indescribable. The novelty of "Stairway to Heaven" done up Bob Marley style is a real knee-slapper...the first time you hear it. But nothing compares to going to see **Dread Zeppelin** live. Ex-

cept leaving eventually.

The Twist hosted **Dread Zeppelin** back in May. Bad move. The Twist is just too *good* a venue for them. It's too big. It's too clean. And the lack of a big crowd made the band look terribly small -- even the kilogramically endowed Tortelvis -- way up there on stage.

The antics of Tortelvis on stage were amusing....for a while. Like the music.

Eventually, the schtick wore thin, and I just kept wondering when I could go home.

Ditto for the opening act, **Mojo Nixon**.



Tortelvis: big man, big voice.

Pic: Tony Burke

The Vanishing is a psychic bomb

by Jennifer Epps

Dutch import *The Vanishing* is a singular beast; an existentialist thriller. It's *Rope* and *Strangers on a Train* meet *L'Avventura* and *Blow-Up*. It frightens on an uncomfortably deep level, not through formulaic surprises and assaults, or through the suspense of immediate danger, but through polish and ideas. It makes you understand what the existentialist philosophers meant when they talked about the despair of being adrift in a godless universe. What makes it all the more troubling is the presence of a sophisticated sociopath, a guy who likes to test his own limits of moral behaviour—a guy who's really just a guy, not a monster like Hannibal Lecter. The end of the film palpably demonstrates our mutual responsibility for our actions; it is as devoid of a redeeming *deus ex machina* as one would ever want a nightmare to be. When you leave the theatre, you have that sickly, disoriented sensation that comes from those rare films which make you doubt your own perceptions of the world.

The protagonists of *The Vanishing* are Saskia Wagter (played by Johanna Ter Steege, of *Vincent and Theo* fame) and her husband Rex Hofman (Gene Bervoets). He is driving them to her

family's house for a holiday. Though they have a falling out when their car stalls in a tunnel and Rex is insensitive to Saskia's fears of the dark and of being alone, they reconcile just before taking a pit stop at a road side gas station. That early episode made us uneasy, but we can see how much they are in love with each other and with life. Then, sudden-

ly, Saskia is gone. (She's gone before we even know she's gone.)

Swiftly, the narrative's focus shifts to Raymond Lemorne—Raymond the Despondent. Portrayed by Bernard-Pierre Donnadieu, he's a fleshy, inscrutable professor with a side he keeps secret from his wife and daughters: he spends hours planning, rehearsing, and trying to

entice young women into his car, where he will chloroform them.

Several years later, Rex is still traumatized by Saskia's disappearance. His every waking moment is consumed by his search for and commemoration of her. He is incapable of any other thoughts or relationships. And Raymond has been watching all this angst.

Director George Sluizer helped Tim Krabbe adapt his novel *The Golden Egg* into the tantalizing, witty, and disturbing screenplay. Sluizer used to make documentaries, and, consequently, for once we have a thriller that isn't dripping with self-conscious style (a kind of distancing that always cushioned us from the darkness of thrillers' real subjects). Toni Kuhn's cinematography is crisp and wide-awake, and Lin Friedman and Sluizer's editing serves without sneaking attention. The story takes mesmerizing precedence, even though it is a tale of character analysis and philosophical discourse—only two major events occur, but both are huge. We are very much caught up in the portraits of the three main characters, especially Donnadieu's coiled intellectual, the mind-games man *sans* conscience.

The Vanishing isn't a detective story, because we don't follow a trail of clues to the eventual solving of a mystery; however, there is a mystery and there are a number of details which become inner clues. The film asks questions of a much scarier dimension than the regular "who done it?" and "what happens next?" Instead, the movie hounds us with the almost unanswerable: "what don't we know about life?", "how much are people capable of?", and "how can any god allow this?"

H₂O-guys do their "best"



The Best of the Waterboys
The Waterboys
Ensign Records

The Waterboys' Mike Scott has been hailed as a genius and also labelled a madman. The truth is, he is both of these.

Scott's songwriting abilities have taken the Waterboys from a rough rock n' roll duo -- founded in 1980 with saxophonist Anthony Thistlewaite -- to a unique folk-country band incorporating fiddle, mandolin, accordion, and penny whistle.

But he followed a strange path in the past decade. Following the highly successful *This is the Sea*, Scott and company went into seclusion to record the critically-acclaimed *Fisherman's Blues*

album, refusing to do videos or interviews for years. Only on last year's tour following the release of *Room to Roam*, did Scott decide to break the silence.

Scott's swings of fancy are laid bare on *The Best of the Waterboys*, showing all the stages of the band's career. Unlike most collection albums, the album doesn't simply contain the "hit singles". From the public's first view of the Waterboys with "A Girl Called Johnny", to "The Big Music" from *A Pagan Place*, "Fisherman's Blues" and the "A Man is in Love" from *Room to Roam*, Mike Scott's hand-picked selections capture the band's versatility rather than their best-known work.

The only unreleased work on the new album is a tight live version of "Old England" and a new rock version of the folk/blues favourite "When Ye Go Away" titled "Killing My Heart" presented in an attempt to show the next stage of the Waterboys' career: rock n' roll once again.

The Best of the Waterboys is a fine introduction to a wonderful band but it is an introduction only; this is a band that has to be explored completely to find your own favourites.

- Tony Burke

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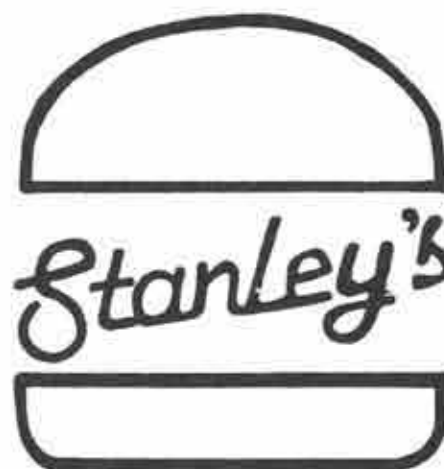
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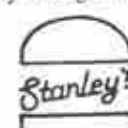


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SPORTS

Editor: Craig Boucher

July 18, 1991

Page 15

The coaches' optimistic forecasts

by Andrew Bailey

With September quickly approaching, many of WLU's varsity teams are preparing for the new season that lies ahead. So let's take a glance and see what 1991-92 holds in store for Laurier athletics this fall.

Last year the women's soccer squad finished the season sporting an impressive 7-3-2 mark despite early season injuries to several key players. The Lady Hawks went on to capture their second straight O.W.I.A.A. title. However, Laurier's hopes for a national crown were put on hold for another year when a tough Acadia team clipped the Hawks 2-1 in the Canadian semi-final.

This season the Lady Soccer Hawks appear poised to bring WLU a national championship. The team remains almost full intact, losing only starter, Kim Wells. Fifth year coach Syed Mohamed anticipates the return of fifteen veterans to the team, giving the Lady Hawks plenty of experience. Mohamed has invited four rookies to training camp, and expects them all to start.

"I'd like to see us become a more defensive team," said Mohamed. Last year the Hawk eleven averaged better than three goals a game, but gave up just over a goal a match.

Soccer Hawks "definitely stronger this year" -- have a shot at first place

Mohamed feels the club is "definitely stronger this year," and certainly has a legitimate shot at first place, maybe even an undefeated season.

"I'd like to see us become more physically strong," said an optimistic Mohamed, "but we are very skillful as well as mentally and physically strong."

The playoff format has been altered this year so that the top four teams in each of the team displayed many signs of success, especially offensively. After dropping three of their first four games the team wound up the regular season posting three consecutive wins, including a thrilling 29-28 victory in Guelph, enabling them to claim the final playoff spot. The Hawks season ended in the first round of the post season when the purple prepie pretentious polo ponies (aka Mustangs) downed the upstart WLU crew 23-18.

Guided by sophomore pivot Bill Kubas, the Laurier offense is capable of putting 21+ points on the board every week. Second year standout receivers Brent Stucke, Ralph Spoltore and

Stephen Ptaszek give Laurier what is perhaps the premiere receiving core in the province.

"We're only losing one starter. It's pretty exciting. We hope to pick up where we left off last year," said coach Rich Newbrough, referring to the explosive Hawk offense.

Kubas, who earned honours as the country's best rookie last year, is backed up by Chris Janzen which according to Newbrough gives the Golden Hawks "the best one-two quarterback punch in the league." All star running back Andy Cecchini returns to thrill the Purple & Gold faithful for a fifth season when he will certainly become the O.U.A.A.'s all-time leading rusher.

From a defensive standpoint, the picture isn't quite as clear. The grid iron gang will use up to six all stars including the tenacious Clive Tharby and the fleet footed defensive back Tony Wilson.

Since Newbrough, like several other of his coaching counterparts, is still waiting confirmation from several prospective players, it is too early for him to assess what this year's harvest will yield.

OWIAA's two divisions will be invited to the provincial championship in Hamilton. Last year only the top three teams in each section made it to post season play.

In the past, only one team from Ontario has advanced to the national playoff. However, this year both Ontario finalists will automatically gain a spot in the Canadian championships, which will be hosted by the University of Guelph. The Lady Hawks collected back to back Provincial titles and an experienced, talented and determined club should have little trouble capturing all Canada has to offer in 1991.

Hard work and fitness, techniques and skill, intellectual application of tactics and the will to win; four things men's soccer coach Tony Lea says he expects of all his players.

At the end of the 89-90 season the squad lost sixteen players so when Lea took over at the helm last year he knew the club was in need of some major rebuilding. Last year a green eleven compiled a relatively respectable 3-4-3 record, but missed the playoffs. The departure of captain Mike Cherevaty is only key loss the soccer Hawks have to absorb this season.

Lea said he hopes to add five or six rookies to the team this season and feels his troops are play-off bound. Key players returning this year include senior Tom Vejvalka, sophomore Damien Clamp and veteran

Jimmy Hoye, who will inherit the captaincy.

Division rivals McMaster, Windsor, and UW will all be tough but, a more mature Hawk side should at least be able to nail down a spot in the post season.

The 1991-92 edition of the football Hawks appear ready to challenge for the O.U.A.A. title this year. Last year's youthful

Football team could really be somethingin 2 years

However, Newbrough said that if some of the players he has been looking at confirm, "the team could really be something come 1992-93."

Newbrough expects the U of T Blues and the Western Mustangs to once again be the

Hawks. However, the team exceeded expectations, skating to nine wins against only three losses in the first half of the season. Then in December during the Duracell Hockey challenge in Toronto, the injury bug bit deep into the Hawks. Mike Maurice suffered a broken leg when he slid into a goal post, ending his season. To that point, Maurice had lead the C.I.A.U. scoring derby having tallied 13 goals and set up 26 others in only thirteen games. After that the Hawks got off track, labouring through a tough January cold spell where they dropped three games in a row. While the Hawks flew north for a tournament in Alaska, they were going south in the standings. WLU managed only four wins and a tie in the second half of the campaign on their way to a 13-8-1 mark. But that was good

teams to beat. If the Hawks offense can indeed pick up where it left off, and plug their defensive cavities, they should be capable of beating anyone in the league. Look for Newbrough's troops to finish no worse than third.

After losing nine players at the end of the 1989-90 season, including all star backstop Rob Dopson and high-scoring forward Greg Puhalski, not a lot was expected from last year's Hawkey enough for a third place finish and an invitation to the post season where the Hawks aspirations for a third trip to the Nationals were swiftly shattered by the cross town rival Warriors.

The Hawkey Hawks are likely to lose seven players this year, including at least three defencemen. However, veteran rear guards Larry Rucchin, Marc Lyons, and

SEE "VARSITY" PAGE 16

Leave Ben alone!

by Craig Boucher

He captured the hearts of all Canadians in a total of 9.79 seconds. He ran for Canadian pride and soul for five years. He ran every race as if it was his last. Then all of a sudden, he was caught with the wrong foot in the door. Ben Johnson was nabbed using steroids, his world record and gold medal stripped from him and all of Canada. Every Cana-

dian now disliked Ben and told him to go back to Jamaica where he belonged. Give me a break and most of all, give Ben a break.

Ben Johnson was a pure-bred runner for Canada until he was reluctant to take performance-enhancing drugs. Ben knew that he could not run with the top-level competition without using steroids. He confided in his own personal doctor and coach for the right drug that would push him to

the top. As a flashback to the great showdown between Ben and Carl Lewis in Seoul, everyone in the Canadian sporting world was hoping Ben could perform "one more miracle".

Once Ben had shot past Carl and finished in a world record time of 9.79 seconds, all Canada was hooting and hollering as they rejoiced with Ben during the national anthem. Ben Johnson was still king of the 100 metres-- or so it seemed.

Ben was routinely tested by the lab in Seoul for banned substances. A day later, he was found to have traces of an anabolic steroid, stanozolol, in his system. In a matter of one day, Ben Johnson went from a man with one of the brightest, richest futures in all of sport, to a man with nothing to look forward to but days of shame.

Many people in the sporting world turned a blind eye to drug abuse by athletes. The decision by the International Olympic Committee was the best decision they could have made. Throughout his entire career, Johnson knowingly took steroids. He was unaware of the side effects and was a victim who was nabbed by the wrong person. Ben made one mistake that eventually will be erased from the minds of all Canadians. Everyone makes mistakes and no one in the universe is perfect. Leave Ben alone and allow him to continue his comeback without any sort of advantage. As the 1992 Olympics end, Ben will be once again on top of the podium.



Varsity teams looking good

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

Jamie Patenall should all be back to patrol the Bubble blueline. Center Dan Rintche, along with wingers Kevin Smith and Don Oberle also retired from the O.U.A.A. scene last year.

West division MVP Mike Maurice suffered another break in his leg last month. Wayne Gowing, who is entering his nineteenth year as head coach, isn't sure if Maurice will be back at WLU this fall, but if he does he should be ready for pre-season action in October.

Gowing calls 91-92 "a question mark year" because of some key departures. He said that this year's squad could feature up to ten freshmen. Exactly who will don the purple and gold is still up in the air, as many prospects had yet to confirm their acceptance at Laurier. "Sometimes the best kids wait the longest," remarked Gowing.

"We have to get a bit better, no question about it," said the cautiously optimistic veteran coach.

One of the biggest problems last year for the Hawks was a lack of consistent goal tending. However, Gowing says he hopes to have four quality goalies at training camp this summer.

Gowing expects the defending O.U.A.A. champion Waterloo

Warriors (18-2-2) along with the gritty Guelph Gryphons and the always tough Mustangs to be the Hawks' greatest competition in the West division this year.

Unfortunately, the 1990-91 campaign was once again a season of discontent for the men's basketball Hawks as they continued their seemingly eternal assault on the .500 mark. The young Hawks tasted victory only four times last year while suffering through the agony of defeat ten times, finishing in the seventh spot out of the post season picture. Over the past few seasons the hardcourt Hawks have become all too familiar with the lower echelons of the O.U.A.A.

However, the youthful hoopsters were able to earn a rare distinction: a win against their dreaded University Avenue rivals.

Despite little success over the past few years, the Hawks showed signs of promise in 90-91 and looked poised to move north in the standings. Veterans Steve Duncan, Wayne Trudeau and Dan Deep are all returning to the court this year while Mike Alessio is the Hawks' only loss, albeit a big one.

Coach Gary Jeffries expects the basketballers to feature several rookies this year including 6'8" Tom Pallin from Etobicoke. The ex-provincial team member will no doubt make

his presence felt on the hard court come October. Jeffries expects 6'4" Barrie native Adam Bazuk and 6'2" Waterloo-Oxford point guard Jim Newton to be the other freshman additions.

The Mustangs, last season's national champs, and the Gryphons both lost several key players last year. Consequently, both teams should come back to

the pack a little bit. Jeffries said both the Warriors and the McMaster Marauders will also be strong forces in the league in 91-92.

With a more mature, experienced side, Jeffries hopes to see his crew ascend to the middle of the division this year and at least land a post season spot.

1991-92 looks like an exciting

year for Laurier athletics, and make sure you do your part as a Laurier student: attend a game. Athletes and coaches work hard to field top notch teams and as a WLU student, the least you can do is come out and cheer our teams on to victory. Not only is it fun, but you will also be impressed with the high quality university sports has to offer.

Canada's hockey hopes

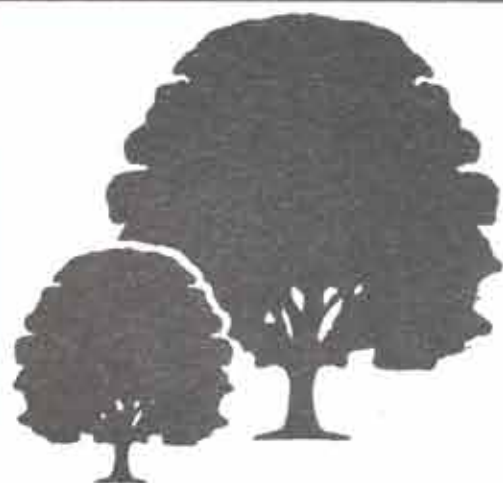
by Larry Fuaco

Alan Eagleson has said that Canada's Team B could win the 1991 Canada Cup hands down, although some may consider him a bigger Canadian cheerleader than Keith Spicer. But no matter who is cheering them on, the Canadian Squad is by no means a Team B. True, players such as Ray Bourque, Paul Coffey, Cam Neely and Mark Messier will not be playing, but Canadian team Head Coach/GM Mike Keenan still has many players to draw on to form this year's Canadian Team. Steve Yzerman, Joe Sakic, Patrick Roy, Al MacInnis, and of course the Great One...Wayne Gretzky, will be available for Mike Keenan's team. Additional to those are some unconfirmed players, such as Mario Lemieux, Joe Nieuwendyk, and Grant Fuhr, who, by accepting their invitation can make Canada's team even stronger.

As winners of the last two Canada Cups in 1984 and 1987, the Canadian team has to be the favorite in this year's tourney. The question is who is going to be the biggest competition for the Canucks. The Russians always have a great team and if Tikkanov allows Federov, Molgily, and Makarov to play they will be explosive. The Swedes just coming off

winning the World Championship will also be tough. However, according to Mr. Gretzky, the biggest competition will come from the team below the 49th parallel. The U.S. team with Brett Hull, Pat Lafontaine, John Vanbiesbrouck and a solid defensive corps (Hatcher, Suter, Chelios, Housley, Leetch, and Iafate) seems to have cast their spoiler role and stepped into a contenders role.

Whatever the outcome, the 1991 Canada Cup will not be just another summer hockey tournament. These tournaments always provide excellent hockey and the final series of the 1987 cup was one of the best displays of hockey in recent years (besides the Edmonton-Calgary playoff spectacle this year); who could forget Mario Lemieux picking the top right corner with 1:26 remaining in the 1987 series. Larry Murphy had the best seat in the house to see that goal and although you or I will not be standing by the goalpost, thanks to CTV and TSN we can see 10 of the 15 round-robin games (including all of Canada's games) and all of the final games. All of this fun begins August 3 with training camp and round-robin play starts August 31. The final series begins September 11 allowing us to sit back and enjoy some great hockey after our first week of school.



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